



*Mr. Aikin as Zangé.*

THE  
R E V E N G E.

A T R A G E D Y.

WRITTEN BY

E. YOUNG, L. L. D.

T A K E N F R O M

T H E M A N A G E R ' s B O O K ,

A T T H E

Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.

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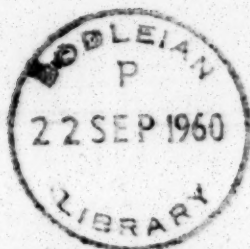
M E N.

Don Alonzo,	—	Mr. Lewis.
Don Carlos,	—	Mr. Whitfield.
Don Alvarez,	—	Mr. Thompson.
Don Manuel,	—	Mr. Davies.
Zanga,	—	Mr. Aickin.

W O M E N.

Leonora,	—	Mrs. Pope.
Isabella,	—	Mrs. Whitfield,

SCENE, SPAIN.



# THE REVENGE.

ACT I. SCENE, *The Battlements.*

*Enter Zanga.* [Thunder and lightening.]

**W**HETHER first Nature, or long want of peace,  
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell!

But horrors now are not displeasing to me!

I like this rocking of the battlements.

Rage on ye winds, burst clouds, and waters roar!

You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,

And suit the gloomy habit of my soul.

*Enter Isabella.*

Who's there? My love!

*Isab.* Why have you left my bed?

Your absence more affrights me than the storm.

*Zan.* The dead, alone, in such a night, can rest,  
And I indulge my meditation here.

Woman, away! I choose to be alone.

*Isab.* I know you do, and therefore will not leave you;

Excuse me, Zanga, therefore dare not leave you,

Is this a night for walks of contemplation?

Something unusual hangs upon your heart,

And I will know it: by our loves I will.

To you I sacrificed my virgin fame;

Ask I too much a share in your distress?

*Zan.* In tears? Thou fool! then hear me, and be  
In hell's abyss, if ever it escape thee. [plung'd]

To strike thee with astonishment at once,

I hate Alonzo. First recover that,

And then thou shalt hear farther.

*Isab.* Hate Alonzo!

I own, I thought Alonzo most your friend,

And that he lost the master in that name.

*Zan.* Hear then. 'Tis twice three years since that great  
man

(Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me,)

Made me the captive of his arm in fight:

He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,

While I, with pious rage, pursued revenge:

I then was young, he plac'd me near his person,

And thought me not dishonour'd by his service.

One day (may that returning day be night,

The stain, the curse of each succeeding year!)

For something, or for nothing, in his pride

He struck me. (While I tell it, do I live?)



He smote me on the cheek.—I did not stab him,  
For that were poor revenge.—E'er since, his folly  
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap  
Of kindnesses, and think it is forgot.  
Insolent thought! and like a second blow!  
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless:  
And such alone can wisely drop revenge.

*Ifab.* But with more temper, Zanga, tell your story:  
To see your strong emotions startles me.

*Zan.* Yes, woman, with the temper that befits it.  
H's the dark adder venom? so have I  
When trod upon. Proud Spaniard thou shalt feel me!  
For from that day, that day of my dishonour,  
I from that day have curs'd the rising sun,  
Which never fail'd to tell me of my shame.  
I from that day have blest the coming night,  
Which promis'd to conceal it; but in vain;  
The blow return'd for ever in my dream.  
Yet on I toil'd, and groan'd for an occasion  
Of ample vengeance; none is yet arriv'd.  
Howe'er at present I conceive warm hopes  
Of what may wound him sore in his ambition,  
Life of his life, and dearer than his soul.  
By nightly march he purpos'd to surprise  
The Moorish camp; but I have taken care  
They shall be ready to receive his favour.  
Failing in this, a cast of utmost moment  
Would darken all the conquests he has won.

*Ifab.* Just as I enter'd, an express arriv'd.

*Zan.* To whom?

*Ifab.* His friend, Don Carlos.

*Zan.* Be propitious,  
O Mahomet, on this important hour,  
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge!  
What is revenge, but courage to call in  
Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert  
Others' self-love into our own protection?  
But see, the morning dawns;  
I'll seek Don Carlos, and enquire my fate. [Exeunt.

SCENE, a Palace. Enter Manuel and Don Carlos.

*Man.* My lord Don Carlos, what brings your express?

*Car.* Alonzo's glory, and the Moors defeat.  
The field is strew'd with twice ten thousand slain,  
Tho' he suspects his measures were betray'd.  
He'll soon arrive, O, how I long t'embrace

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The first of heroes, and the best of friends! —  
 I lov'd fair Leonora long before  
 The chance of battle gave me to the Moors,  
 From whom so late Alonzo set me free;  
 And while I groan'd in bondage, I deputed  
 This great Alonzo, whom her father honours,  
 To be my gentle advocate in love,  
 To stir her heart, and fan its fires for me.

*Man.* And what success?

*Car.* Alas, the cruel maid ———

Indeed her father,  
 Knowing I'm richly freighted from the East,  
 My fleet now sailing in the sight of Spain,  
 (Heaven guard it safe thro' such a dreadful storm!)  
 Caresses me, and urges her to wed.

*Man.* Her aged father, see! leads her this way.

*Car.* She looks like radiant truth,  
 Brought forth by the hand of hoary time —  
 You to the port with speed, 'tis possible  
 Some vessel is arrived. Heav'n grant it bring  
 Tidings which Carlos may receive with joy!

*Enter Alvarez and Leonora.*

*Alv.* Don Carlos, I am labouring in your favour  
 With all a parent's soft authority,  
 And earnest counsel.

*Car.* Angels second you!

For all my bliss or misery hangs on it.

*Alv.* Daughter, the happiness of life depends  
 On our discretion, and a prudent choice;  
 Look into those they call unfortunate,  
 And closer view'd, you'll find they are unwise:  
 Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath.  
 Don Carlos is of ancient, noble blood,  
 And then his wealth might mend a prince's fortune,  
 For him the sun is labouring in the mines,  
 A faithful slave, and turning earth to gold.  
 His keels are freighted with that sacred pow'r,  
 By which ev'n kings and emperors are made.  
 Sir, you have my good wishes, and I hope  
 My daughter is not indispos'd to hear you.

[*To Car.*

[*Ex. Alv.*

*Car.* O Leonora! why art thou in tears?  
 Because I am less wretched than I was?  
 Before your father gave me leave to woo you,  
 Hush'd was your bosom, and your eye serene.

*Leon.* Think you my father too indulgent to me,

That he claims no dominion o'er my tears ?

A daughter sure may be right dutiful,

Whose tears alone are free from restraint. —

Alas ! my lord, we are too delicate ;

And when we grasp the happiness we wish'd,

We call on wit to argue it away :

A plainer man would not feel half your pains :

But time have too much wisdom to be happy.

*Car.* Had I known this before, it had been well :

I had not then solicited your father

To add to my distress ; as you behave,

Your father's kindness stabs me to the heart.

Give me your hand — Nay, give it, Leonora ;

You give it not — nay, yet you give it not —

I ravish it. —

*Leon.* I pray, my lord, no more.

*Car.* Have I not languish'd prostrate at thy feet ?

Have I not liv'd whole days upon thy sight ?

Have I not seen thee where thou hast not been ?

And, mad with the idea, clasp'd the wind,

And doated upon nothing ?

*Leon.* Court me not,

Good Carlos, by recounting of my faults,

And telling how ungrateful I have been.

Alas ! my lord, if talking would prevail,

I could suggest much better arguments

Than those regards you threw away on me ;

Your valour, honour, wisdom, prais'd by all.

But bid physicians talk our veins to temper,

And with an argument new-set a pulse ;

Then think, my lord, of reasoning into love.

*Car.* Must I then despair ? Do not shake me thus :

My tempest-beaten heart is cold to death.

Ah ! turn, and let me warm me in thy beauties.

Heavens ! what a proof I gave but two nights past

Of matchless love ! To fling me at thy feet,

I slighted friendship, and I flew from fame ;

Nor heard the summons of the next day's battle :

But darting headlong to thy arms, I left

The promis'd fight, I left Alonzo too

To stand the war, and quell a world alone. [Trumpets.

*Leon.* The victor comes, my lord, I must withdraw.

[Exit Leonora.

*Car.* Sure there's no peril but in love. Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo !

*Alon.*



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*Alon.* Carlos! — I am whole again;  
Claspt in thy arms, it makes my heart entire.

*Car.* Whom dare I thus embrace? the conqueror  
Of Ati?

*Alon.* Yes, much more, Don Carlos' friend.  
The conquest of the world would cost me dear,  
Should it begot one thought of distance in thee.  
I rise in virtues to come nearer thee.  
I conquer with Don Carlos in my eye,  
And thus I claim my victory's reward. [*Embracing him.*]

*Car.* A victory indeed! your god-like arm  
Has made one spot the grave of Atlica,  
Such numbers fell! and the survivors fled  
As frightened passengers from off the strand,  
When the tempestuous sea comes roaring on them.

*Alon.* 'Twas Carlos' conquer'd, 'twas his cruel chains  
Inflam'd me to a rage unknown before,  
And threw my former actions far behind.

*Car.* I love fair Leonora. How I love her!  
Yet still I find (I know not how it is)  
Another heart, another soul for thee.  
Thy friendship warms, it raises, it transports  
Like music, pure the joy, without alloy,  
Whose very rapture is tranquility:  
But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,  
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleasures,  
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl.

*Enter Zanga.*

*Zan.* Manuel, my lord, returning from the port,  
On business both of moment and of haste,  
Humbly begs leave to speak in private with you.

*Car.* In private? — Ha! — Alonzo, I'll return,  
No business can detain me longer from thee. [*Ex. Car.*]

*Zan.* My lord Alonzo, I obey'd your orders.

*Alon.* Will the fair Leonora pass this way?

*Zan.* She will, my lord, and soon.

*Alon.* Come near me Zanga;  
For I dare open all my heart to thee.  
Never was such a day of triumph known!  
There's not a wounded captive in my train,  
That slowly follow'd my proud chariot wheels,  
With half a life, and beggary, and chains,  
But is a god to me: I am most wretched.  
In his captivity, thou know'st Don Carlos,  
My friend (and never was a friend more dear)

Deputed



Deputed me his advocate in-love,  
 To talk to Leonora's heart, and make  
 A tender party in her thoughts for him.  
 What did I do? I lov'd myself. Indeed,  
 One thing there is might lessen my offence,  
 (If such offence admits of being lessened)  
 I thought him dead! for (by what fate I know not)  
 His letters never reach'd me.

*Zan.* Thanks to Zaoga,  
 Whothence contriv'd that evil which has happened. [*Aside.*

*Alon.* Ye curs'd of heav'n! I lov'd myself, and now  
 In a late action, rescued from the Moors,  
 I have brought home my rival in my friend,

*Zan.* We hear, my lord, that in that action too,  
 Your interposing arm preserv'd his life.

*Alon.* I did—with more than the expence of mine;  
 For, O! this day is mention'd for their nuptials.  
 But see, she comes—I'll take my leave, and die.

*Zan.* Hadst thou a thousand lives, thy death would  
 please me.

Unhappy fate! My country overcome!  
 My six years hope of vengeance quite expir'd!—  
 Would nature were——I will not fall alone:  
 But others groans shall tell the world my death. [*Aside.*

*Enter Leonora.*

*Alon.* When nature ends with anguish like to this,  
 Sinners shall take their last leave of the sun,  
 And bid his light adieu.

*Leon.* The mighty conqueror  
 Dismay'd! I thought you gave the foe your sorrows.

*Alon.* O cruel insult! are those tears your sport,  
 Which nothing but a love for you could draw?  
 Afric I quell'd in hope by that to purchase  
 Your leave to sigh uncorn'd; but I complain not:  
 'Twas but a world, and you are—Leonora.

*Leon.* That passion which you boast of is your guilt,  
 A treason to your friend. You think mean of me,  
 To plead your crimes as motives of my love.

*Alon.* You, madam, ought to thank those crimes you  
 blame;

'Tis they permit you to be thus inhuman,  
 Without the censure both of earth and heaven——  
 I fondly thought a last look might be kind.  
 Farewell for ever.—This severe behaviour  
 Has, to my comfort, made it sweet to die.

*Leon.*

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*Leon.* Farewell for ever!—sweet to die!—O heaven,  
[*Aside.*

Alonzo, stay, you must not thus escape me;  
But hear your guilt at large.

*Alon.* O Leonora!

What could I do? In duty to my friend,  
I saw you; and see, is to admire.  
For Carlos did I plead, and most sincerely.  
You know I did. I fought but your esteem;  
If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty.

*Leon.* If from your guilt none suffer'd but yourself,  
It might be so. ——— Farewell. [Going.

*Alon.* Who suffers with me?

What means these tears!

*Leon.* I weep by chance, nor have my tears a meaning;  
But, O! when first I saw Alonzo's tears,  
I knew their meaning well.

[*Alonzo falls passionately on his knees, and takes her hand.*

*Alon.* Heavens! what is this? That excellence for  
which

Desire was planted in the heart of man;  
Virtue's supreme reward on this side heaven;  
The cordial of my soul!—  
But, oh!—my friend!—

*Leon.* Alas!

*Alon.* What says my love?—Speak, Leonora.

*Leon.* Was it for you, my lord, to be so quick  
In finding out objections to our love?  
Think you so strong my love, or weak my virtue,  
It was unsafe to leave that part to me?

*Alon.* Is not the day then fix'd for your espousals?

*Leon.* Indeed, my father once had thought that way,  
But marking how the marriage pain'd my heart,  
Long he stood doubtful, but at last resolv'd  
Your counsel, which determines him in all,  
Should finish the debate.

*Alon.* O agony!

Must I not only lose her, but be made  
Myself the instrument? not only die,  
But plunge the dagger in my heart myself?  
This is refining on calamity.

*Leon.* What! do you tremble lest you should be mine?  
For what else can you tremble? not for that  
My father places in your power to alter.

*Alon:*

*Alon.* What's in my power——O yes, to stab my friend!

*Leon.* To stab your friend were barbarous, indeed! Spare him—and murder me.—

*Alon.* First, perish all!

No, Leonora, I am thine for ever, [*Runs and embraces her.*]  
In spite of Carlos.——

*Leon.* Hold, Alonzo,  
And hear a maid, whom doubly thou hast conquer'd.  
I love thy virtue as I love thy person,  
And I adore thee for the pains it gave me;  
But as I felt the pains, I'll reap the fruit;  
I'll shine out in my turn, and shew the world  
Thy great example was not lost upon me.  
Nay, never shrink; take back the bright example  
You lately lent; O take it while you may,  
While I can give it you, and be immortal. [*Exit.*]

*Alon.* She's gone, and I shall see that face no more;  
But pine in absence, and till death adore.  
When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,  
And my eyes darken from my fault'ring tongue,  
Her name will tremble in a feeble moan,  
And love with fate divide my dying groan. [*Exit.*]

## A C T II.

*Enter Manuel and Zanga.*

*Zan.* IF this be true, I cannot blame your pain  
For wretched Carlos; 'tis but humane in you.  
But when arrived your dismal news?

*Man.* This hour.

*Zan.* What not a vessel sav'd?

*Man.* All, all the storm  
Devour'd; and now o'er his late envied fortune  
The dolphins bound, and wat'ry mountains roar,  
Triumphant in his ruin.

*Zan.* Is Alvarez  
Determin'd to deny his daughter to him?  
That treasure was on shore, must that too join  
The common wreck?

*Man.* Alvarez pleads indeed  
That Leonora's heart is disinclin'd,  
And pleads that only; so it was this morning  
When he concurr'd: the tempest broke the match;  
And sunk his favour, when it sunk the gold.  
The love of gold is double in his heart,

The

# THE REVENGE.

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The vice of age, and of Alvarez too.

*Zan.* How does Don Carlos bear it ?

*Man.* Like a man

Whole heart feels most a human heart can feel,  
And reasons best a human head can reason.

*Zan.* But is he then in absolute despair ?

*Man.* Never to see his Leonora more.

And, quite to quench all future hope, Alvarez  
Urges Alonzo to espouse his daughter  
This very day ; for he has learnt their loves.

*Zan.* Ha ! was not that receiv'd with ecstacy  
By Don Alonzo ?

*Man.* Yes, at first ; but soon

A damp came o'er him, it would kill his friend.

*Zan.* Not if his friend consented ; and since now  
He can't himself espouse her——

*Man.* Yet to ask it

Has something shocking to a generous mind,  
At least Alonzo's spirit startles at it.

Wide is the distance between our despair,  
And giving up a mistress to another.

But I must leave you, Carlos wants support  
In his severe affliction.

[*Exit Manuel.*]

*Zan.* Ha ! it dawns ! ——

It rises to me, like a new found world  
To mariners long time distress'd at sea,  
Or like the sun just rising out of chaos,  
Some dregs of ancient night not quite purg'd off !  
But shall I finish it ? — Hwa ! Isabella !

*Enter Isabella*

I thought of dying, better things come forward ;  
Vengeance is still alive ; from her dark covert,  
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,  
She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms.  
When, Isabella, arriv'd Don Carlos here ?

*Isab.* Two nights ago.

*Zan.* That was the very night  
Before the battle — Memory, let down that ;  
It has the essence of the crocodile,  
Tho' yet but in the shell — I'll give it birth ——  
What time did he return ?

*Isab.* At midnight.

*Zan.* So ——

Say, did he see that night his Leonora ?

*Isab.* No, my good lord.

*Zan.*



*Zan.* No matter—tell me, woman,  
Is not Alonzo rather brave than cautious,  
Honest than subtle, above fraud himself,  
Slow therefore to suspect it in another?

*Isab.* You best can judge; but so the world thinks of him.

*Zan.* Why that was well—go fetch my tablets hither.  
[*Exit Isab.*]

Two nights ago my father's sacred shade  
Thrice stalk'd around my bed, and smil'd upon me;  
He smil'd a joy then little understood—  
It must be so—and if so, it is vengeance  
Worth waking of the dead for.

*Re-enter Isabella with the tablets, Zanga writes, then reads as to himself.*

Thus it stands—  
The father's fixed—Don Carlos cannot wed—  
Alonzo may—but that will hurt his friend—  
Nor can he ask his leave—or if he did,  
He might not gain it—It is hard to give  
Or own consent to ills, tho' we must bear them.—  
Were it not then a master-piece worth all  
The wisdom I can boast, first to persuade  
Alonzo to request it of his friend,  
His friend to grant—then from that very grant,  
The strongest proof of friendship man can give,  
(And other motives) to work out a cause  
Of jealousy, to rack Alonzo's peace?—  
I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of woes,  
Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal.  
It is the Hydra of calamities,  
The seven-fold death: the jealous are the damn'd.  
O jealousy, each other passion's calm,  
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!  
Thou king of torments! thou grand counterpoize  
For all the transports beauty can inspire!

*Isab.* Alonzo comes this way.

*Zan.* Most opportunely.

Withdraw—Ye subtle Dæmons, which reside [*Ex. Isab.*]  
In courts, and do your work with bows and smiles.  
That little engin'ry, more mischievous  
Than fleets and armies, and the cannon's murder,  
Teach me to look a lie; give me your maze  
Of gloomy thought and intricate design,  
To catch the man I hate, and then devour.

*Enter*

*Enter Alonzo.*

My lord, I give you joy.

*Alon.* Of what, good Zanga?

*Zan.* Is not the lovely Leonora yours?

*Alon.* What will become of Carlos?

*Zan.* He's your friend;

And since he can't espouse the fair himself,  
Will take some comfort from Alonzo's fortune.

*Alon.* Alas! thou little know'st the force of love;  
Love reigns a sultan with unrivall'd sway,  
Puts all relations, friendship's self to death,  
If once he's jealous of it. I love Carlos,  
Yet well I know what pangs I felt this morning  
At his intended nuptials. For myself  
I then felt pains which now for him I feel.

*Zan.* You will not wed her then?

*Alon.* Not instantly:

Insult his broken heart the very moment!

*Zan.* I understand you: but you'll wed hereafter,  
When your friend's gone, and his first pain assuaged?

*Alon.* Am I to blame for that?

*Zan.* My lord, I love

Your very errors, they are born from virtue.  
Your friendship (and what nobler passion claims  
The heart?) does lead you blind-fold to your ruin.  
Consider, wherefore did Alvarez break  
Don Carlos' match, and wherefore urge Alonzo's?  
'Twas the same cause, the love of wealth: to-morrow  
May see Alonzo in Don Carlos' fortune:

A higher bidder is a better friend,  
And there are princes sigh for Leonora.  
When your friend's gone, you'll wed; why then the cause  
Which gives you Leonora now will cease;  
Carlos has lost her: should you lose her too,  
Why then you heap new torments on your friend,  
By that respect which labour'd to relieve him——

'Tis well he is disturb'd, it makes him pause. [*Aside.*]

*Alon.* Think'st thou my Zanga, should I ask Don Carlos,  
His goodness would consent that I should wed her?

*Zan.* I know it would.

*Alon.* But then the cruelty  
To ask it, and for me to ask it of him!

*Zan.* Methinks, you are not severe upon your friend.  
Who was it gave him liberty and life?

*Alon.* That is the very reason which forbids it.

Were I a stranger, I could freely speak :  
In me it so resembles a demand,  
Exact'g of a debt, it shocks my nature.

*Zan.* My lord, you know the sad alternative.  
Is Leonora worth one pang, or not ?  
It hurts not me, my lord, but as I love you :  
Warmly as you I with Don Carlos well ;  
But I am likewise Don Alonzo's friend :  
There all the difference lies between us too.  
In me, my lord, you hear another self ;  
And give me leave to add, a better too  
Clear'd from these errors, which, tho' caus'd by virtue,  
Are such as may hereafter give you pain.—  
Don Lopez of Castile would not demur thus

*Alon.* Perish the name ! what ! sacrifice the fair  
To age and illness, because set in gold ?  
I'll to Don Carlos, if my heart will let me.  
I have seen him since his sore affliction ;  
But shou'd it, as too terrible to bear.  
How shall I bear it now ? I'm struck already. [*Exit Alon.*]

*Zan.* Half my work is done. I must secure  
Don Carlos, ere Alonzo speaks with him.

[*He gives a message to a servant, then returns.*]  
Proud, hated Spain ! oft drench'd in Moorish blood ;  
Dost thou feel a deadly foe within thee ?  
Shake not the tow'rs were-e're I pass along,  
Conscious of ruin, and their great destroyer ?  
Shake to the center, if Alonzo's dear.  
Look down, O holy prophet ! see me torture  
This Christian Dog, this Infidel, which dares  
To smite thy votaries, and spurn thy law,  
And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,  
Which look as if they were lighted up for thee !  
Shall he enjoy thy paradise below ?  
Blast the bold thought, and curse him with her charms !—  
But see, the melancholy lover comes ! [*Zan. retires.*]

*Enter Don Carlos.*

*Car.* Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,  
For more than twenty years. Vile promiser !  
None here are happy but the fool,  
Or very wise ! and I was'nt fool enough  
To smile in vanities, and hug a shadow ;  
Nor have I wisdom to elaborate  
An artificial happiness from pains :  
How many lift the head, look gay, and smile

Against



# THE REVENGE.

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Against their consciences ? and this we know,  
Yet knowing, disbelieve ; and try again  
What we have tried, and struggle with conviction.  
Each new experience gives the former credit ;  
And reverend grey threescore is but a voucher  
That thirty told us true.

*Zan.* My noble lord,  
I mourn your fate ; but are no hopes surviving ?

*Car.* No hopes. Alvarez has a heart of steel :  
'Tis fixt, 'tis past, 'tis absolute despair.

*Zan.* You wanted not to have your heart made tender  
By your own pains to feel a friend's distress.

*Car.* I understand you well. Alonzo loves ;  
I pity him.

*Zan.* I dare be sworn you do.  
Yet he has other thoughts.

*Car.* What canst thou mean ?

*Zan.* Indeed he has ; and fears to ask a favour  
A stranger from a stranger might request ;  
What costs you nothing, yet is all to him ;  
Nay, what indeed will to your glory add,  
For nothing more than wishing your friend well.

*Car.* I pray be plain ; his happiness is mine.

*Zan.* He loves to death, but so reveres his friend,  
He can't persuade his heart to wed the maid  
Without your leave, and that he fears to ask.  
In perfect tenderness I urg'd him to it.  
Knowing the deadly sickness of his heart,  
Your overflowing goodness to your friend,  
Your wisdom, and despair yourself to wed her,  
I wrung a promise from him he would try :  
And now I come, a mutual friend to both,  
Without his privacy to let you know it,  
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.

*Car.* Ha ! if he weds I am undone, indeed ;  
Not Don Alvarez' self can then relieve me.

*Zan.* Alas, my lord ! *you know his heart is steel,*  
'Tis fixt, 'tis past, 'tis absolute despair.

*Car.* O cruel Heaven ! and is it not enough  
That I must never, never see her more !  
Say, is it not enough that I must die,  
But I must be tormented in the grave ? —  
Ask my consent ? — must I then give her to him ?  
Lead to the nuptial sheets the blushing maid ?  
Oh ! — Leonora ! never, never, never !



*Zan.* A storm of plagues upon him! he refuses. [*Afide.*

*Car.* What! wed her?—and to-day?

*Zan.* To-day, or never.

To-morrow may some wealthier lover bring,  
And then Alonzo is thrown out, like you;  
Then whom shall he condemn for his misfortune?  
Carlos is an Alvarez to his love.

*Car.* O torment! Whither shall I turn?

*Zan.* To peace.

*Car.* Which is the way?

*Zan.* His happiness is yours,  
I dare not disbelieve you.

*Car.* Kill my friend!

Or worse—alas! and can there be a worse?—  
A worse there is; nor can my nature bear it.

*Zan.* You have convinc'd me, 'tis a dreadful task.  
I find, Alonzo's quitting her this morning,  
For Carlos' sake, his tenderness to you,  
Betray'd me to believe it less severe  
Than I perceive it is—

*Car.* Thou dost upbraid me.

*Zan.* No, my good lord; but since you can't comply,  
'Tis my misfortune that I mention'd it;  
For had I not, Alonzo would indeed  
Have died, as now, but not by your decree.

*Car.* By my decree! do I decree his death?  
I do—Shall I then send her to his arms?  
Oh! which side shall I take? be stab'd or—stab?  
'Tis equal death! a choice of agonies!—  
Go, Zanga, go, defer the dreadful trial,  
Tho' but a day, something perchance may happen  
To soften all to friendship and to love.  
Go, stop my friend; let me not see him now,  
But save us from an interview of death.

*Zan.* My lord, I'm bound in duty to obey you—  
If I not bring him, may Alonzo prosper. [*Afide. Ex. Zan.*

*Car.* What is this world?—Thy school, O misery!  
Our only lesson is, to learn to suffer.  
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.  
But put it most severely—should I live—  
Live long—Alas! there is no length in time;  
Nor in thy time, O man! What's fourscore years?  
Nay, what indeed the age of time itself,  
Since cut from out eternity's wide round?  
Yet, Leonora—she can make time long,

Its nature alter, as she alter'd mine.  
 While in the lustre of her charms I lay,  
 Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away;  
 I years for days, and days for moments told,  
 And was surpriz'd to hear that I grew old;  
 Now fate does rigidly its dues regain,  
 And every moment is an age of pain.

*As he is going out, enter Zanga and Alonzo. Zan. stops Car.*

*Zan.* Is this Don Carlos? this the boasted friend?  
 How can you turn your back upon his sadness?  
 Look on him, and then leave him, if you can.

*Car.* I cannot yield; nor can I bear his griefs.

*Alonzo!* [Going to him, and taking his hand.

*Alon.* O Carlos!

*Car.* Pray forbear.

*Alon.* Art thou undone, and shall Alonzo smile?

*Alonzo!* who perhaps, in some degree,  
 Contributed to cause thy dreadful fate?  
 I was deputed guardian of thy love;  
 But, oh! I lov'd myself. Pour down afflictions  
 On this devoted head; make me your mark;  
 And be the world, by my example taught,  
 How sacred it should hold the name of friend.

*Car.* You charge yourself unjustly;  
 The crime was mine——

Who plac'd thee there, where only thou could'st fail.

*Alon.* You cast in shades the failures of a friend,  
 And soften all; but think not you deceive me:  
 I know my guilt, and I implore your pardon,  
 As the sole glimpse I can obtain of peace.

*Car.* Pardon for him, who, but this morning, threw  
 Fair Leonora from his heart, all bath'd  
 In ceaseless tears, and blushing with her love!  
 Who, like a rose-leaf, wet with morning dew,  
 Would have stuck close, and clung for ever there!  
 But 'twas in thee, through fondness to thy friend,  
 To shut thy bosom against ecstasies;  
 For which, whilst this pulse beats, it beats to thee;  
 Whilst this blood flows, it flows for my Alonzo,  
 And every wish is levell'd at thy joy.

*Zan. to Alon.]* My lord, my lord, this is your time to speak.

*Alon. to Zan.]* Because he's kind? It therefore is the worst;

Do I not see him quite possess with anguish,

And shall I pour in new? No fond desire,  
No love; one pang at parting, and farewell.  
I have no other love but Carlos now.

*Car.* Alas, my friend! why with such eager grasps  
Dost press my hand, and weep upon my cheek?

*Alon.* If after death our forms (as some believe)  
Shall be transparent, naked every thought,  
And friends meet friends, and read each others hearts,  
Thou'lt know, one day, that thou wast held most dear.  
Farewell.

*Car.* Alonzo, stay—he cannot speak— [*Holds him.*  
Lest it should grieve me—Shall I be out-done,  
And lose in glory, as I lose in love? [*Aside.*  
I take it much unkindly. my Alonzo,  
You think so meanly of me, not to speak,  
When well I know your heart is near to bursting.  
Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?  
Your smallest friendship's liberty and life.

*Alon.* There, there it is, my friend, it cuts me there.  
How dreadful is it to a gen'rous mind,  
To ask, when sure he cannot be denied!

*Car.* How greatly thought! In all he tow'rs above me? [*Aside.*

Then you confess you would ask something of me?

*Alon.* No, on my soul.

*Zan. to Alon* ] Then lose her.

*Car.* Glorious spirit!

Why, what a pang has he run through for this?  
By heaven, I envy him his agonies.

My Alonzo ———

Since thy great soul disdains to make request,  
Receive with favour that I make to thee.

*Alon.* What means my Carlos?

*Car.* Pray observe me well.

Fate and Alvarez tore her from my heart,  
And plucking up my love, they had well nigh  
Pluck'd up my life too, for they were twin'd together.  
Of that no more—What now does reason bid?  
I cannot wed—Farewell my happiness!  
But, O my soul, with care provide for her's!  
In life, how weak, how helpless is a woman!  
Take then my heart in dowry with the fair,  
Be thou her guardian, and thou must be mine,  
Shut out the thousand pressing ills of life,  
With thy surrounding arms—Do this, and then

Set



# THE REVENGE.

19

Set down the liberty and life thou gav'st me.  
As little things, as flays of thy goodness,  
And rudiments of friendship so divine.

*Alon.* There is a grandeur in thy goodness to me,  
Which, with thy foes, would render thee ador'd.  
And canst thou, canst thou part with Leonora?

*Car.* I do not part with her, I give her thee.

*Alon.* O Carlos!

But think not words were ever made  
For such occasions. Silence, tears, embraces,  
Are languid eloquence; I'll seek relief  
In absence from the pain of so much goodness,  
There thank the blest above, thy lot superiors,  
Adore, and raise my thoughts of them by thee. [Exit.

*Zan.* Thus far success has crown'd my boldest hope.  
My next care is to hasten these new nuptials,  
And then my master-works begin to play. [Aside.  
[Exit Zanga.

*Car.* He's gone, and now  
I must unsluice my over-burthen'd heart,  
And let it flow. I would not grieve my friend  
With tears; nor interrupt my great design,  
Great, sure, as ever human breast durst think of.  
But now my sorrows, long with pain suppress'd,  
Burst their confinement with impetuous sway,  
O'er-swell all bounds, and bear e'en life away.  
So, till the day was won, the Greek renown'd  
With anguish wore the arrow in his wound,  
Then drew the shaft from out his tortur'd side,  
Let gush the torrent of his blood, and died. [Exit.

## ACT III. SCENE I. Enter Zanga.

*Zan.* O JOY, thou welcome stranger! twice three years  
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now  
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart:  
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,  
And could I mount—the spirits numberless  
Of my dear countrymen, which yesterday  
Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,  
Are all assembled here, and o'er-inform me—  
O bridegroom! great indeed thy present bliss;  
Yet ev'n by me unenvied; for be sure  
It is thy last, thy last smile, that which now  
Sits on thy cheek; enjoy it while thou may'st;  
Anguish, and groans, and death bespeak to-morrow.  
My Isabella! Enter Isabella. Isab.



*Ifab.* What commands my Moor?

*Zan.* My fair ally! my lovely minister!  
 'Twas well Alvarez, by my arts impel'd,  
 (To plunge Don Carlos in the last despair  
 And so prevent all future molestation)  
 Finish'd the nuptials soon as he resolv'd them;  
 This conduct ripen'd all for me, and ruin.  
 Scarce had the priest the holy rite perform'd,  
 When I by sacred inspiration, forg'd  
 That letter, which I trusted to thy hand:  
 That letter, which in glowing terms conveys,  
 From happy Carlos to fair Leonora,  
 The most profound acknowledgment of heart  
 For wondrous transports which he never knew,  
 This is a good subservient artifice,  
 To aid the nobler workings of my brain.

*Ifab.* I quickly dropt it in the bride's apartment,  
 As you commanded.

*Zan.* With a lucky hand;  
 For soon Alonzo found it; I observed him  
 From out my secret stand. He took it up;  
 But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,  
 When he, as if an arrow pierc'd his eye,  
 Started, and trembling dropt it on the ground.  
 Pale and aghast a while my victim stood,  
 Disguised a sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;  
 Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again.  
 At first he look'd as if he meant to read it;  
 But check'd by rising fears, he crush'd it thus,  
 And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

*Ifab.* But if he read it not, it cannot sting him,  
 At least not mortally.

*Zan.* At first I thought it so;  
 But farther thought informs me otherwise,  
 And turns this disappointment to account.  
 This, Isabella, is Don Carlos' picture;  
 Take it, and so dispose of it, that found,  
 It may rise up in witness of her love,  
 Under her pillow, in her cabinet,  
 Or elsewhere as shall best promote our end.

*Ifab.* I'll weigh it as its consequences requires,  
 Then do my utmost to deserve your smile. [*Ex. Ifab.*]

*Zan.* Is that Alonzo prostrate on the ground?—  
 Now he starts up like flame from sleeping embers,  
 And wild distraction glares from either eye.

# THE REVENGE.

21

If thus a slight surmise can work his soul,  
How will the fulness of the tempest tear him! [*Enter Alon.*]

*Alon.* And yet it cannot be—I am deceiv'd—  
I injure her; she wears the face of heav'n.

*Zan.* He doubts.

[*Aside.*]

*Alon.* I dare not look on this again.  
If the first glance, which gave suspicion only,  
Had such effect, to smote my heart and brain,  
The certainty would dash me all to pieces.

It cannot—Ha! it must, it must be true. [*Starts.*]

*Zan.* Hold there, and we succeed. He has descried me.  
And (for he knows I love him) will unfold  
His aching heart, and rest it on my counsel.  
I'll seem to go, to make my stay more sure. [*Aside.*]

*Alon.* Hold, Zanga, turn.

*Zan.* My lord.

*Alon.* Shut close the door,  
That not a spirit find an entrance here.

*Zan.* My lord's obey'd.

*Alon.* I see that thou art frightened.  
If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy heart  
With scorpions stings.

*Zan.* If I do love, my lord?

*Alon.* Come near me, let me rest upon thy bosom;  
(What pillow like the bosom of a friend?)  
For I am sick at heart.

*Zan.* Speak, sir, O speak,  
And take me from the rack.

*Alon.* I am most happy: mine is victory,  
Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's shout,  
O curse of curses! in the lap of blessing  
To be most curst;—My Leonora's false!

*Zan.* Save me, my lord!

*Alon.* My Leonora's false! [*Gives him the letter.*]

*Zan.* Then heav'n has lost its image here on earth.

[*While Zanga reads the letter, he trembles, and shews the utmost concern.*]

*Alon.* Good natur'd man! he makes my pains his own.  
I durst not read it; but I read it now.  
In thy concern.

*Zan.* Did you read it then?

*Alon.* Mine eye just touch'd it, and could bear no more.

*Zan.* Thus perish all that gives Alonzo pain!

[*Tears the letter.*]

*Alon.* Why didst thou tear it?

*Zan.*

*Zan.* Think of it no more,

"Twas your mistake, and groundless are your fears.

*Alon.* And didst thou tremble then for my mistake?  
Or give the whole contents, or by the pangs  
That feed upon my heart, thy life's in danger.

*Zan.* Is this Alonzo's language to his Zanga?  
Draw forth your sword, and find the secret here.  
For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?  
Wherefore this rage? Because I seek your peace?  
I have no interest in suppressing it,  
But what good-natur'd tenderness for you  
Obliges me to have. Not mine the heart  
That will be damn'd, tho' all the world should know it.

*Alon.* Then my worst fears are true, and life is past.

*Zan.* What has the rashness of my passion utter'd?  
I know not what; but rage is our distraction,  
And all its words are wind. Yet sure, I think,  
I nothing own'd—but grant I did confess,  
What is a letter? letters may be forg'd.  
For heav'n's sweet sake, my lord, lift up your heart.  
Some foe to your repose——

*Alon.* So, heaven look on me,  
As I can't find the man I have offended.

*Zan.* Indeed! [*Aside.*]—Our innocence is not our shield;  
They take offence, who have not been offend'd;  
They seek our ruin too, who speak us fair,  
And death is often ambush'd in their smiles.  
'Tis certain——

A letter may be forg'd, and in a point  
Of such a dreadful consequence as this,  
One would rely on nought that might be false——  
Think, have you any other cause to doubt her?—  
Away, you can find none. Resume your spirit;  
All's well again.

*Alon.* O that it were!

*Zan.* It is;

For who would credit that, which credited,  
Makes hell superfluous, by superior pains,  
Without such proofs as cannot be withstood?  
Has she not ever been to virtue train'd?  
Is not her fame as spotless as the sun?  
Her sex's envy, and the boast of Spain!

*Alon.* O Zanga! it is that confounds me most,  
That full in opposition to appearance——

*Zan.* No more, my lord, for you condemn yourself.

What

What is absurdity, but to believe  
Against appearance? You cannot yet, I find,  
Subdue your passion to your better sense;—  
And, truth to tell, it does not much displease me;  
'Tis fit our indiscretions should be check'd  
With some degree of pain.

*Alon.* What indiscretion?

*Zan.* Come, you must bear to hear your faults from me,  
Had you not sent Don Carlos to the court  
The night before the battle, that foul slave,  
Who forg'd the senseless scroll which gives you pain,  
Had wanted footing for his villainy.

*Alon.* I sent him not.

*Zan.* Not send him!—Ha!—That strikes me.  
I thought he came on message to the king.  
Is there another cause could justify  
His shunning danger, and the promis'd fight?

*Alon.* In my confusion, that had quite escap'd me.  
By heaven, my wounded soul does bleed afresh;  
'Tis clear as day—for Carlos is so brave,  
He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,  
And is enamour'd of the face of death.  
How then could he decline the next day's battle,  
But for the transports?—Oh, it must be so—  
Inhuman! by the loss of his own honour,  
To buy the ruin of his friend!

*Zan.* You wrong him;  
He knew not of your love.

*Alon.* Ha!

*Zan.* That stings home.

[*Aside.*

*Alon.* Indeed, he knew not of my treach'rous love:  
Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest.  
Love is my torture, love was first my crime;  
For she was his, my friend's and he, (O horror!)  
Confided all in me. O sacred faith!  
How dearly I abide thy violation!

*Zan.* Were then their loves far gone?

*Alon.* The father's will

There bore a total sway; and he, as soon  
As news arriv'd that Carlos' fleet was seen  
From off our coast, fir'd with the love of gold,  
Determin'd, that the very sun which saw  
Carlos' return, should see his daughter wed.

*Zan.* Indeed, my lord; then you must pardon me,  
If I presume to mitigate the crime.

Consider



Consider strong allurements soften guilt ;  
 Long was his absence, ardent was his love,  
 At midnight his return, the next day destin'd  
 For his espousals—'twas a strong temptation.

*Alon.* Temptation !

*Zan.* 'Twas but gaining of one night.

*Alon.* One night !

*Zan.* That crime could ne'er return again.

*Alon.* Again ! By heav'n, thou dost insult thy lord.  
*Temptation ! One night gain'd ! O stings and death !*  
 And am I then undone ? Alas, my Zanga !  
 And dost thou own it too ? Deny it still,  
 And rescue me one moment from distraction.

*Zan.* My lord, I hope the best.

*Alon.* False, foolish hope,  
 Thou know'st it false !  
 It is as glaring as the noon-tide-sun.  
 Devil !—This morning, after three years coldness,  
 To rush at once into a passion for me !  
 'Twas time to feign, 'twas time to get another,  
 When her first fool was fated with her beauties.

*Zan.* What says my lord ? Did Leonora then  
 Never before disclose her passion for you ?

*Alon.* Never.

*Zan.* Throughout the whole three years ?

*Alon.* O never ! never !

Why, Zang, shouldst thou thrive ! 'Tis all in vain :  
 Tho' thy soul labours, it can find no reed  
 For hope to catch at. Ah I'm plunging down  
 Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair.

*Zan.* Hold, fir, I'll break your fall—Wave every fear,  
 And be a man again—Had he enjoy'd her,  
 Be most assur'd, he had resign'd her to you  
 With less reluctance.

*Alon.* Ha ! Resign her to me ! —  
 Resign her !—Who resign'd her ?—Double death !  
 How could I doubt so long ?

First love her to distraction ! then resign her !

*Zan.* But was it not with utmost agony ?

*Alon.* Grant that, he still resign'd her ? that's enough.  
 Would he pluck out his eye to give it me ?  
 Tear out his heart ?—She was his heart no more—  
 Nor was it with reluctance he resign'd her ;  
 By heav'n, he ask'd, he courted me to wed,  
 I thought it strange ; 'tis now no longer so.

*Zan.*

*Zan.* Was't his request? Are you right sure of that?  
I fear the letter was not all a tale.

*Alon.* A tale! There's proof equivalent to fight.

*Zan.* I should distrust my sight on this occasion.

*Alon.* And so should I; by heaven, I think I should.  
What! Leonora, the divine, by whom  
We guess'd at angels! Oh! I'm all confusion.

*Zan.* You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.  
Since bliss and horror, life and death hang on it,  
Go to your chamber, there maturely weigh  
Each circumstance; consider, above all,  
That it is jealousy's peculiar nature  
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought  
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason  
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

*Alon.* Had I ten thousand lives, I'd give them all  
To be deceiv'd.—  
And yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought heav'n  
Borrow'd her form for virtue's self to wear,  
To gain her lovers with the sons of men. [*Exit Alonzo.*]

*Enter Isabella.*

*Zan.* Thus far it works auspiciously. My patient  
Thrives underneath my hand in misery.  
He's gone to think; that is, to be distracted.

*Isab.* I overheard your conference, and saw you,  
To my amazement, tear the letter.

*Zan.* There,  
There, Isabella, I out-did myself.  
For tearing it, I not secure it only  
In its first force; but superadd a new.  
For who can now the character examine  
To cause a doubt, much less detect the fraud?  
And after tearing it, as loth to shew  
The foul contents, if I should swear it now  
A forgery, my lord would disbelieve me,  
Nay more, would disbelieve the more I swore.  
But is the picture happily disposed of?

*Isab.* It is.

*Zan.* That's well—[*Exit Isabella.*] Ah! what is  
well? O pang to think!

O dire necessity! is this my province?  
Whither, my soul, ah! whither art thou sunk  
Beneath thy sphere? Ere while, far, far above  
Such little arts, dissembling, falsehoods, frauds,  
The trash of villainy itself, which falls

To cowards and poor wretches wanting bread.  
Does this become a soldier ? This become  
Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd ?  
My martial glory withers at the thought.  
But great my end ; and since there are no other,  
These means are just, they shine with borrow'd light,  
Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.

And greater sure my merit, who to gain  
A point sublime, can such a task sustain ;  
To wade thro' ways obscene, my honour bend,  
And shock my nature, to attend my end.  
Late time shall wonder ; that my joys will rise ;  
For wonder is involuntary praise. [Exit.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Alonzo and Zanga.*

*Alon.* **O**H, what a pain to think ! when every thought  
Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,  
And reason knits th' inextricable toil,  
In which herself is taken !  
No more I'll bear this battle of the mind,  
This inward anarchy ; but find my wife,  
And to her trembling heart presenting death,  
Force all the secret from her.

*Zan.* O forbear !

You totter on the very brink of ruin.

*Alon.* What dost thou mean ?

*Zan.* That will discover all,

And kill my hopes. What can I think or do ? [Aside.

*Alon.* What dost thou murmur ?

*Zan.* Force the secret from her !

What's perjury to such a crime as this ?

Will she confess it then ? O groundless hope !

But rest assur'd, she'll make this accusation,

Or false or true, your ruin with the king ;

Such is her father's power.

*Alon.* No more, I care not ;

Rather than groan beneath this load, I'll die.

*Zan.* But for what better will you change th's load ?  
Grant you should know it, would not that be worse ?

*Alon.* No, it would cure me of my mortal pangs

By hatred and contempt I should despise her,

And all my love-bred agonies would vanish.

*Zan.* Ah ! were I sure of that, my lord—

*Alon.* What then ?

*Zan.*

*Zan.* You should not hazard life to gain the secret.

*Alon.* What dost thou mean? Thou know'st I'm on the rack.

I'll not be play'd with; speak, if thou hast ought,  
Or I this instant fly to Leonora.

*Zan.* That is, to death. My lord, I am not yet  
Quite so far gone in guilt to suffer it.  
Tho' gone too far, heaven knows—'Tis I am guilty—  
I have took pains, as you I know observ'd,  
To hinder you from diving in the secret,  
And turn'd aside your thoughts from the detection.

*Alon.* Thou dost confound me.

*Zan.* I confound myself,  
And frankly own it, though to my shame I own it;  
Nought but your life in danger could have torn  
The secret out, and made me own my crime.

*Alon.* Speak quickly; Zanga, speak.

*Zan.* Not yet, dread Sir:  
First I must be assur'd, that if you find  
The fair one guilty, scorn, as you assur'd me,  
Shall conquer love and rage, and heal your soul.

*Alon.* Oh! 'twill by heav'n.

*Zan.* Alas! I fear it much,  
And scarce can hope so far; but I of this  
Exact your solemn oath, that you'll abstain  
From all self-violence, and save my lord.

*Alon.* I trebly swear.

*Zan.* You'll bear it like a man?

*Alon.* A god.

*Zan.* Such have you been to me, these tears confess it,  
And pour'd forth miracles of kindness on me:  
And what amends is now within my power,  
But to confess, expose myself to justice,  
And as a blessing claim my punishment?  
Know then, Don Carlos—

*Alon.* Oh!

*Zan.* You cannot bear it,

*Alon.* Go on, I'll have it, tho' it blast mankind!  
I'll have it all, and instantly. Go on.

*Zan.* Don Carlos did return at dead of night—  
That night, by chance (ill chance for me!) did I  
Command the watch that guards the palace gate.  
He told me he had letters for the king,  
Dispatch'd from you.

*Alon.* The villain lied!



*Zan.* My lord,  
 I pray forbear—Transported at his sight,  
 After so long a bondage, and your friend,  
 (Who could suspect him of an artifice?)  
 No farther I enquir'd, but let him pass,  
 False to my trust, at least imprudent in it.  
 Our watch reliev'd, I went into the garden,  
 As is my custom, when the night's serene,  
 And took a moon-light walk: when soon I heard  
 A rustling in an arbour that was near me.  
 I saw two lovers in each other's arms,  
 Embracing and embrac'd. Anon the man  
 Arose, and falling back some paces from her,  
 Gaz'd ardently awhile, then rush'd at once,  
 And throwing all himself into her bosom,  
 There softly sigh'd; *O night of ecstasy!*  
*When shall we meet again?* Don Carlos then  
 Led Leonora forth.

*Alon.* Oh! Oh my heart! [*He sinks into a chair.*]

*Zan.* Groan on, and with the sound refresh my soul!  
 'Tis thro' his heart, his knees smite one another.  
 'Tis thro' his brain, his eye balls roll in anguish. [*Aside.*]  
 My lord, my lord, why do you rack my soul?  
 Do not you know me, sir? Pray look upon me;  
 You think too deeply. I'm your own Zanga,  
 So lov'd, so cherish'd, and so faithful to you.—  
 Rise, sir, for honour's sake. Why should the Moors,  
 Why should the vanquish'd, triumph?

*Alon.* O she was all!  
 My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,  
 All stoop'd to her, my blood was her possession.  
 Deep in the secret foldings of my heart  
 She liv'd with life, and far the dearer she.  
 But—no more—

To think on't is the torment of the damn'd,  
 And not to think on't it is impossible.

*Zan.* You said you'd bear it like a man.

*Alon.* I do.

Am I not almost distracted?

*Zan.* Pray be calm.

*Alon.* As hurricanes: be thou assur'd of that.  
 My wife! my wife!

*Zan.* My lord!

*Alon.* O villain, villain most accurs'd!  
 If thou didst know it why didst let me wed?

*Zan.*

# THE REVENGE

29

*Zan.* Hear me, my lord, your anger will abate.  
I knew it not, I saw them in the garden ;  
But saw no more than might well expect  
'To see in lovers destin'd for each other.  
By heaven I thought their meeting innocent.  
Who could suspect fair Leonora's virtue ?  
'Till after proofs conspir'd to blacken it ;  
Sad proofs, which came to late, which broke not out,  
(Eternal curses on Alvarez' haste !)  
'Till holy rites had made the wanton yours ;  
And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it,  
In duty and compassion to your peace.

*Alon.* Live now, be damn'd hereafter ; for I want thee.  
O night of ecstacy !—Ha ! was't not so ?  
I will enjoy this murder—Let me think—  
The jasmine bow'r, 'tis secret and remote ;  
Go wait me there, and take thy dagger with thee.

[Exit Zanga.]

How the sweet sound still rings within my ear !  
*When shall we meet again ?—To night in hell.*

*As he is going, enter Leonora.*

Ha ! I'm surpris'd ! I stagger at her charms !  
O angel-devil !—Shall I stab her now ?  
No, it shall be as I at first determin'd :  
'To kill her now were half my vengeance lost.  
Then must I now dissemble—if I can.

*Leon.* My lord excuse me ; see, a second time  
I come in embassy from all your friends,  
Whose joys are languid, uninspir'd by you.

*Alon.* This moment, Leonora. I was coming  
To thee, and all—but sure, or I mistake,  
Or thou canst well inspire my friends with joy.

*Leon.* What says my lord ?

*Alon.* Thou art exceeding fair.

*Leon.* Beauty alone is but of little worth ;  
But when the soul and body, of a piece,  
Both shine alike, then they obtain a price,  
And are a fit reward for gallant actions,  
Heaven's pay on earth for such great souls as yours ;  
If fair and innocent, I am your due.

*Alon.* Innocent !

[Aside.]

*Leon.* How ! my lord, I interrupt you.

*Alon.* No, my best life, I must not part with thee,  
This hand is mine. Oh ! what a hand is here ?  
So soft, souls sink into it and are lost.

*Leon.* In tears, my lord?

*Alon.* What lets can speak my joy?

*Leon.* My lord, you fright me.

Is this the fondness of your nuptial hour?

Why, when I woo your hand, is it denied me?

Your very eyes, why are they taught to shun me?

Nay, my good lord, I have a title here, [*Taking his hand.*]

And I will have it. Am not I your wife?

Have not I just authority to know

That heart, which I have purchas'd with my own.

Tell me the secret; I conjure you, tell me.

*Alon.* Ha! ha! ha!

[*He breaks from her, and  
she sinks upon the floor.*]

*Leon.* Are these the joys which fondly I conceiv'd?

And is it thus a wedded life begins?

What did I part with when I gave my heart?

I knew not that all happiness went with it.

Where shall I sigh? where pour out my complaints?

He that should hear, should succour, should redress,

He is the source of all.

*Alon.* Go to thy chamber,

I soon will follow; that which now disturbs thee

Shall be clear'd up, and thou shalt not condemn me.

[*Ex. Leon.*]

Oh, how like innocence she looks! What, stab her,

And rush into her blood? —

How then? Why thus — No more; it is determin'd.

*Enter Zanga.*

*Zan.* I fear his heart has fail'd him. She must die.

Can I not rouse the snake that's in his bosom,

To sting out human nature, and effect it? [*Aside.*]

*Alon.* This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,

Those skies thro' which it rolls, must all have end.

What then is man? the smallest part of nothing.

Day buries day, month month, and year the year.

Our life is but a chain of many deaths;

Can then death's self be fear'd? our life much rather.

Life is the desert, life the solitude;

Death joins us to the great majority:

'Tis to be born to Plato, and to Cæsar;

'Tis to be great for ever;

'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition, then, to die.

*Zan.* I think, my lord, you talk'd of death.

*Alon.* I did.

*Zan.* I give you joy, then Leono a's dead.

*Alon.*

# THE REVENGE.

31

*Alon.* No, Zanga,  
To shed a woman's blood  
Would stain my sword, and make my wars inglorious.  
He who, superior to the checks of nature,  
Dares make his life the victim of his reason,  
Does, in some sort, that reason deify,  
And take a flight at heaven.

*Zan.* Alas ! my lord,  
Tis not your reason, but her beauty, finds  
Those arguments, and throws you on your sword.  
You cannot close an eye that is so bright,  
You cannot strike a breast that is so soft,  
That has ten thousand ecstasies in store—  
For Carlos ?—No, my lord, I mean for you.

*Alon.* Oh ! thro' my heart and marrow ! Pr'ythee  
spare me :  
No more upbraid the weakness of thy lord.  
I own, I tried, I quarrel'd with my heart,  
And push'd it on, and bid it give her death ;  
But, oh ! her eyes struck fast, and murder'd me.

*Zan.* I know not what to answer to my lord.  
Men are but men ; we did not make ourselves.  
Farewell then, my best lord, since you must die.  
O that I were to share your monument,  
And in eternal darkness close these eyes  
Against those scenes which I am doom'd to suffer !

*Alon.* What dost thou mean ?

*Zan.* And is it then unknown ?  
O grief of heart, to think that thou should ask it !  
Sure you distrust that ardent love I bear you,  
Else could you doubt when you are laid in dust—  
But it will cut my poor heart through and through,  
To see those revel on your sacred tomb,  
Who brought you thither by their lawless loves.  
For there they'll revel, and exult to find  
Him sleep so fast, who else might mar their joys.

*Alon.* Distraction !—But, Don Carlos, well thou  
know'st  
Is sheath'd in steel, and bent on other thoughts.

*Zan.* I'll work him to the murder of his friend ;  
Yes, till the fever of his blood returns,  
While her last kiss still glows upon his cheek.  
But when he finds Alonzo is no more,  
How will he rush like lightning to her arms !  
There sigh, there languish, there pour out his soul ;

But



But not in grief—sad obsequies to thee!—  
 But thou wilt be at peace, nor see, nor hear  
 The burning kiss, the sigh of ecstasy,  
 Their throbbing hearts that jostle one another:  
 Thank heaven, these torments will be all my own.

*Alon.* I'll ease thee of that pain. Let Carlos die,  
 O'er take him on the road, and see it done.

'Tis my command.

[*Gives his signet.*]

*Zan.* I dare not disobey.

*Alon.* My Zanga, now I have thy leave to die.

*Zan.* Ah, sir! think, think again: are all men buried  
 In Carlos' grave? You know not woman kind.  
 When once the throbbing of the heart is broke  
 The modest zone, with which it first was tied,  
 Each man she meets will be a Carlos to her.

*Alon.* That thought has more of hell than had the  
 former.

Another, another, and another!  
 And each shall cast a smile upon my tomb.  
 I am convinc'd? I must not, will not die.

*Zan.* You cannot die; nor can you murder her.  
 What then remains? in nature no third way,  
 But to forget, and so to love again.

*Alon.* Oh!

*Zan.* If you forgive, the world will call you good;  
 If you forget, the world will call you wise;  
 If you receive her to your grace again,  
 The world will call you, very, very kind.

*Alon.* Zanga, I understand thee well. She dies,  
 Tho' my arm trembles at the stroke. She dies.

*Zan.* That's truly great. What think you 'twas set up  
 The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,  
 But doing right in stern despite to nature,  
 Shutting their ears to all her little cries,  
 When great, august, and god-like justice call'd?  
 At Aulis one pour'd out a daughter's life,  
 And gain'd more glory than by all his wars;  
 Another slew his sister in just rage;  
 A third, the theme of all succeeding times,  
 Gave to the cruel ax a darling son.  
 Nay, more, for justice some devote themselves,  
 As he at Carthage, an immortal name!  
 Yet there is one step left above 'em all,  
 Above their history, above their fable.  
 A wife, bride, mistress, unenjoy'd—do that,  
 And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

*Alon.*

*Alon.* 'Tis done!—Again new transports fire my brain;  
I had forgot it; 'tis my bridal night.

Friend, give me joy; we must be gay together;  
And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,  
And music gives the elevating sound,  
And golden carpets spread the sacred floor,  
And a new day the blazing tapers pour;  
Thou, Zanga, thou my solemn friends invite,  
From the dark realms of everlasting night;  
Call Vengeance, call the Furies, call Despair,  
And Death, our chief-invited guest, be there;  
He, with pale hand, shall lead the bride, and spread  
Eternal curtains round our nuptial bed. [Exeunt.]

## A C T V.

*Enter Alonzo and Zanga.*

*Alon.* IS Carlos murder'd?

*Zan.* I obey'd your order.

Six ruffians overtook him on the road;  
He fought as he was wont, and four he slew,  
Then sunk beneath an hundred wounds, to death.  
His last breath bless'd Alonzo, and desir'd  
His bones might rest near yours.

*Alon.* O Zanga! Zanga!

But I'll not think; for I must act, and thinking  
Would ruin me for action.  
He should, and should not die—You should obey,  
And not obey—It is a day of darkness,  
Of contradictions, and of many deaths.  
Where's Leonora, then? Quick, answer me:  
I'm deep in horrors, I'll be deeper still.  
I find thy artifice did take effect,  
And she forgives my late deportment to her.

*Zan.* I told her, from your childhood, you was wont  
On any great surprize, but chiefly then  
When cause of sorrow bore it company,  
To have your passion shake the seat of reason:  
A momentary ill, which soon blew o'er.  
Then did I tell her of Don Carlos' death,  
(Wisely suppressing by what means he fell)  
And laid the blame on that. At first she doubted;  
But such the honest artifice I us'd,  
And such her ardent wish it should be true,  
That she, at length, was fully satisfied.  
But what design you, sir, and how?

*Alon.* I'll tell thee.

Thus

Thus I've ordain'd it. In the jasmine bower,  
 The place which she dishonour'd with her guilt,  
 There will I meet her; the appointment's made;  
 And calmly spread (for I can do it now)  
 The blackness of her crime before her sight,  
 And then, with all the cool solemnity  
 Of public justice, give her to the grave. [Exit.

Zan. Why, get thee gone! horror and night go with thee.  
 Sitters of Acheron, go hand in hand,  
 Go, dance around the bower, and close them in;  
 And tell them that I sent you to salute them.  
 Profane the ground, and for th' ambrosial rose,  
 And breath of jasmine, let hemlock blacken,  
 And deadly nightshade poison all the air,  
 For the sweet nightingale may ravens croak,  
 Toads pant, and adders rustle thro' the leaves;  
 May serpents winding up the trees let fall  
 Their hissing necks upon them from above,  
 And mingle kisses—such as I should give them. [Exit.

SCENE, the bower; Leonora sleeping. Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Ye amaranths! ye roses, like the morn!  
 Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!  
 Why do you smile? why do you look so fair?  
 Are ye not blasted as I enter in?  
 Did ever midnight ghosts assemble here?  
 Have these sweet echoes ever learnt to groan?  
 Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bower!  
 Know, in thy fragrant bosom thou receiv'st  
 A—murderer! Oh! I shall stain thy lilies,  
 And horror will usurp the seat of bliss.  
 So Lucifer broke into paradise,  
 And soon damnation follow'd. [He advances.] Ah! she  
 sleeps———

The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.  
 Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze.  
 Oh, what a sight is here! how dreadful fair!  
 Who would not think that being innocent?  
 Where shall I strike? who strikes her, strikes himself,  
 My own life-blood will issue at her wound.  
 But see she smiles! I never shall smile more.  
 It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss. [Going, he starts back  
 Ha! smile again? She dreams of him she loves.  
 Curse on her charms! I'll stab he thro' them all.

[As he is going to strike, she wakes.

Leon.



*Leon.* My lord, your stay was long, and yonder lull  
Of falling waters tempted me to rest,  
Dispirited with noon's excessive heat.

*Alon.* Ye powers! with what an eye she mends the day!  
While they were closed I should have given the blow. [*Aside.*

*Leon.* What says my lord!

*Alon.* Why thus Alonzo says:

If love were endless, men were gods: 'tis that  
Does counterbalance travail, danger, pain —  
'Tis heaven's expedient to make mortals bear  
The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.

*Leon.* Alas! my lord, why talk you of the grave?  
Your friend is dead; in friendship you sustain  
A mighty loss, repair it with my love.

*Alon.* Thy love? thou piece of witchcraft! I would say,  
Thou brightest angel! I could gaze for ever.  
But, O those eyes! those murderers! O whence,  
Whence didst thou steal their burning orbs? from heaven?  
Thou didst; and 'tis religion to adore them.

*Leon.* My best Alonzo, moderate your thoughts:  
Extremes still fright me, tho' of love itself.

*Alon.* Extremes indeed! it hurried me away;  
But I come home again — and now for justice —  
And now for death — It is impossible — [*Aside.*  
I have her to just heaven. [*Drops the dagger, and goes off.*

*Leon.* Ha! a dagger!  
What dost thou say, thou minister of death?  
What dreadful tale dost tell me? Let me think.

*Enter Zanga.*

*Zan.* Death to my tow'ring hopes! O fall from high!  
My close long-labour'd scheme at once is blasted.  
That dagger found will cause her to enquire;  
Enquiry will discover all; my hopes  
Of vengeance perish; I myself am lost —  
Curse on the coward's heart! wither his hand  
Which held the steel in vain! — What can be done? —  
Where can I fix? — that's something still — 'twill breed  
Fell rage and bitterness betwixt their soul,  
Which may perchance grow up to greater evil:  
If not, 'tis all I can — It shall be so — [*Aside.*

*Leon.* O Zanga! I am sinking in my fears:  
Alonzo dropt his dagger as he left me,  
And left me in a strange disorder too.  
What can this mean? Angels preserve his life!

*Zan.* Yours, madam, yours.

*Leon.*



*Leon.* What, Zanga, dost thou say ?

*Zan.* Carry your goodness then to such extremes,  
So blinded to the faults of him you love,  
That you perceive not he is jealous ?

*Leon.* Heavens !

And yet a thousand things recur that swear it.  
What villain could inspire him with that thought ?  
It is not of the growth of his own nature.

*Zan.* Some villain. Who, hell knows ; but he is jealous ;  
And 'tis most fit a heart so pure as yours  
Do itself justice, and assert its honour,  
And make him conscious of his stab to virtue.

*Leon.* Jealous ! it sickens at my heart. Unkind,  
Ungenerous, groundless, weak, and insolent !  
Why ? wherefore ? on what shadow of occasion ?  
Oh how the great man lessens to my thought !  
How could so mean a vice as jealousy  
Live in a throng of such exalted virtues ?  
I scorn and hate, yet love him, and adore.  
I cannot, will not, dare not think it true,  
Till from himself I know it.

[*Exit.*

*Zan.* This succeeds  
Just to my wish. Now she with violence  
Upbraids him. He, well knowing she is guilty,  
Rages no less ; and if on either side  
The waves run high, there still lives hope of ruin.

*Enter Alonzo.*

My lord.

*Alon.* O Zanga ! hold thy peace, I am no coward ;  
But heaven itself did hold my hand ; I felt it,  
By the well being of my soul, I did.  
I'll think of vengeance at another season.

*Zan.* My lord, her guilt——

*Alon.* Perdition on thee Moor  
For that one word ! Ah ! do not rouse that thought ;  
I have o'erwhelm'd it much as possible :  
I tell thee, Moor, I love her to distraction.  
If 'tis my shame, why be it so——I love her ;  
I could not hurt her to be lord of earth ;  
It shocks my nature like a stroke from heaven.  
But see, my Leonora comes :——Be gone. [*Ex. Zanga.*

*Enter Leonora.*

O seen for ever, yet for ever new !  
The conquer'd thou dost conquer o'er again,  
Inflicting wound on wound.

*Leon.*

*Leon.* Alas! my lord,  
What need of this to me?

*Alon.* Ha! dost thou weep?

*Leon.* Have I not cause?

*Alon.* If love is thy concern  
Thou hast no cause; none ever lov'd like me.  
O that this one embrace would last for ever!

*Leon.* Could this man ever mean to wrong my virtue?  
Could this man e'er design upon my life?

Impossible! I throw away the thought. [Aside.

These tears declare how much I taste the joy  
Of being folded in your arms and heart;  
My universe does lie within that space.  
This dagger bore false witness.

*Alon.* Ha! my dagger?  
It rouses horrid images. Away,  
Away with it, and let us talk of love.

*Leon.* Of death!

*Alon.* As thou lov'st happiness—

*Leon.* Of murder!

*Alon.* Rash,  
Rash woman! yet forbear.  
Heavens strike me deaf!

*Leon.* It well may sting you home.

*Alon.* Yet, yet dismiss me; I am all in flames.

*Leon.* Who has most cause? you, or myself? What act  
Of my whole life encourag'd you to this?  
Or of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you?  
You find me kind, and think me kind to all;  
The weak, ungen'rous error of your sex.  
What could inspire the thought? We oft'nest judge  
From our own hearts; and is your's then so frail,  
It prompts you to conceive thus ill of me?  
He that can stoop to harbour such a thought,  
Deserves to find it true.

[Holding him.

*Alon.* Ill fated woman!  
Why hast thou forc'd me back into the gulph  
Of agonies?  
For since thou hast re-plung'd me in my torture,  
I will be satisfied.

*Leon.* Be satisfied!

*Alon.* Yes, thy own mouth shall witness it against thee:  
I will be satisfied.

*Leon.* Of what?

*Alon.* Of what!

How dar'st thou ask that question ? Woman, woman,  
Weak, and assur'd at once ; thus 'tis for ever.  
Who told thee that thy virtue was suspected ?  
Who told thee I design'd upon thy life ?  
You found the dagger ; but that could not speak ;  
Nor did I tell thee : who did tell thee then ?  
Guilt, conscious guilt !

*Leon.* This to my face ? O heaven !

*Alon.* This to thy very soul.

*Leon.* Thour't not in earnest ?

*Alon.* Serious as death.

*Leon.* Then heaven have mercy on thee.

Till now I struggled not to think it true ;  
I fought conviction, and would not believe it ;  
And dost thou force me ? This shall not be borne ;  
Thou shalt repent this insult.

[*Going.*

*Alon.* Madam, stay.

Your passion's wife, 'tis a disguise for guilt :  
You and your thousand arts shall not escape me.

*Leon.* Arts ?

*Alon.* Arts. Confess ; for death is in my hand.

*Leon.* 'Tis in your words.

*Alon.* Confess, confess, confess !

Nor tear my veins with passion to compel thee.

*Leon.* I scorn to answer thee, presumptuous man !

*Alon.* Deny then, and incur a fouler shame.

Where did I find this picture ?

*Leon.* Ha ! Don Carlos ?

By my best hopes, more welcome than thy own.

*Alon.* I know it ; but is vice so very rank,

That thou should'st dare to dash it in my face ?

Nature is sick of thee, abandon'd woman !

*Leon.* Repent.

*Alon.* Is that for me ?

*Leon.* Fall, ask my pardon.

*Alon.* Astonishment !

*Leon.* Dar'st thou persist to think I am dishonest ?

*Alon.* I know thee so.

*Leon.* This blow then to thy heart——

[*She stabs herself, he endeavours to prevent her.*

*Alon.* Hoa ! Zanga ! Isabella ! Hoa ! she bleeds !

Descend, ye blessed angels, to assist her !

*Leon.* This is the only way that I would wound thee,  
Tho' most unjust. Now think me guilty still.

*Enter*

*Enter Isabella.*

*Alon.* Bear her to instant help. The world to save her.

*Leon.* Unhappy man! well may'st thou gaze and tremble;

But fix thy terror and amazement right;  
Not on my blood, but on thy own distraction.  
What hast thou done? Whom censur'd?—Leonora!  
When thou hadst censur'd, thou wouldst save her life;  
O inconsistent! Should I live in shame,  
Or stoop to any other means but this  
T' assert my virtue? No; she who disputes  
Admits it possible she might be guilty.  
While aught but truth could be my inducement to it,  
While it might look like an excuse to thee,  
I scorn'd to vindicate my innocence;  
But now, I let thy rashness know, the wound  
Which least I feel, is that my dagger made.

*[Isabella leads off Leonora.]*

*Alon.* Ha! was this woman guilty?—and if not—  
How my thought darkens that way! Grant, kind heaven,  
That she prove guilty, or give being end.  
Is that my hope, then?—Sure the sacred dust  
Of her that bore me trembles in its urn,  
Is it in man the sore distress to bear,  
When hope itself is blacken'd to despair,  
When all the bliss I pant for, is to gain  
In hell a refuge from severer pain? *[Exit Alonzo.]*

*Enter Zanga.*

*Zan.* How stands the great account 'twixt me and vengeance?

Tho' much is paid, yet still it owes me much,  
And I will not abate a single groan.—  
Ha! that were well—but that were fatal too——  
Why, be it so—Revenge so truly great  
Would come too cheap, if bought with less than life.  
Come, death; come, hell, then; 'tis resolv'd, 'tis done.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Ifab.* Ah! Zanga, see me tremble! Has not yet  
Thy cruel heart its fill?—Poor Leonora——

*Zan.* Welters in blood, and gasps for her last breath.  
What then? We all must die.

*Ifab.* Alonzo raves,  
And in the tempest of his grief has thrice  
Attempted on his life. At length disarm'd,  
He calls his friends that save him his worst foes,



And importunes the skies for swift perdition.  
 Thus in his storm of sorrow. After pause  
 He started up, and call'd aloud for Zanga,  
 For Zanga rav'd ; and see, he seeks you here,  
 To learn the truth which most he dreads to know.

*Zan.* Be gone. Now, now, my soul, consummate all.

[*Exit Isabella.*]

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alon.* O Zanga!

*Zan.* Do not tremble so ; but speak.

*Alon.* I dare not.

[*Falls on him.*]

*Zan.* You will drown me with your tears.

*Alon.* Have I not cause ?

*Zan.* As yet you have no cause.

*Alon.* Dost thou too rave ?

*Zan.* Your anguish is to come :  
 You much have been abus'd.

*Alon.* Abus'd ! by whom ?

*Zan.* To know were little comfort.

*Alon.* O 'twere much !

*Zan.* Indeed !

*Alon.* By heaven ! O give him to my fury !

*Zan.* Born for your use, I live but to oblige you.  
 Know then, 'twas—I.

*Alon.* Am I awake ?

*Zan.* For ever.

Thy wife is guiltless, that's one transport to me ;  
 And I, I let thee know it, that's another.  
 I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress,  
 I forg'd the letter, I dispos'd the picture ;  
 I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy.

*Alon.* Oh !

[*Swoons.*]

*Zan.* Why this is well—why this is blow for blow.  
 Where are you ? Crown me, shadow me with laurels,  
 Ye spirits which delight in just revenge !  
 Let Europe and her pallid sons go weep ;  
 Let Africk and her hundred thrones rejoice :  
 O my dear countrymen, look down and see  
 How I bestride your prostrate conqueror !  
 I tread on haughty Spain, and all her kings.  
 But this is mercy, this is my indulgence,  
 'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from my indignation.  
 I must awake him into horrors. Ho !  
 Alonzo, ho ! the Moor is at the gate ;  
 Awake, invincible, omnipotent !

Thou

Thou who dost all subdue.

*Alon.* Inhuman slave!

*Zan.* Fall'n christian, thou mistak'st my character.  
Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou say'st  
The Moor, a slave, an abject beaten slave;  
(Eternal woes to him that made me so!)  
But look again. Has six years cruel bondage  
Extinguish'd majesty so far, that nought  
Shines here to give an awe to one above thee?  
When the great Moorish king Abdalla fell,  
Fell by thy hand accurs'd, I fought fast by him,  
His son, tho', thro' his fondness, in disguise,  
Lest to expose me to th' ambitious foe.  
Ha! does it wake thee! O'er my father's corse  
I stood astride till I had clove thy crest,  
And then was made the captive of a squadron,  
And sunk into thy servant——But oh! what,  
What were my wages? Hear not heaven, nor earth!  
My wages were a blow, by heaven, a blow,  
And from a mortal hand.

*Alon.* O villain! villain!

*Zan.* All strife is vain.

[*Shewing a dagger.*]

*Alon.* Is thus my love return'd?

Is this my recompence? Make friends of tigers!  
Lay not your young, O mothers, on the breast,  
For fear they turn to serpents as they lie,  
And pay you for their nourishment with death!  
Carlos is dead, and Leonora dying!  
Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me.  
O shame! O guilt! O horror! O remorse!  
O punishment! Had Satan never fell,  
Hell had been made for me——O Leonora!

*Zan.* Must I despise thee too, as well as hate thee?  
Complain of grief, complain thou art a man.  
Priam from fortune's lofty summit fell,  
Great Alexander 'midst his conquests mourn'd;  
Heroes and demi-gods have known their sorrows;  
Cæsars have wept, and I have had my blow;  
But 'tis reveng'd, and now my work is done.  
Yet, ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance  
To make thee to confess that I am just.  
Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,  
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,  
Whose sacred person (oh!) thou hast profan'd,  
Whose reign extinguish'd: what was left to me

So highly born ? No kingdom, but revenge !  
 No treasure, but thy tortures and thy groans.  
 If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,  
 Tell them the Moor, and they will not despise thee.  
 If cold white mortals censure this great deed,  
 Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,  
 Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,  
 With whom revenge is virtue. Fare thee well —  
 Now fully satisfied I should take leave :  
 But one thing grieves me, since thy death is near,  
 I leave thee my example how to die.

*As he is going to stab himself Alonzo rushes upon him to prevent him. In the mean time, enter Alvarez attended. They disarm and seize Zanga. Alonzo puts the dagger in his bosom.*

*Alon.* No, monster, thou shalt not escape by death.  
 O father !

*Alv.* O Alonzo ! — Isabella,  
 Touch'd with remorse to see her mistress' pangs,  
 Told all the dreadful tale.

*Alon.* What groan was that ?

*Zan.* As I have been a vulture to thy heart,  
 So will I be a raven to thine ear,  
 And true as ever snuff'd the scent of blood.  
 Thy wife is dead.

*[Alvarez goes to the side of the stage, and returns.]*  
*Alon.* The dreadful news is true.

*Alon.* Prepare the rack, invent new torments for him.

*Zan.* This too is well. The fix'd and noble mind  
 Turns all occurrence to its own advantage ;  
 And I'll make vengeance of calamity.  
 Were I not thus reduc'd, thou would'st not know,  
 That, thus reduc'd, I dare defy thee still.  
 Torure thou may'st, but thou shalt ne'er despise me.  
 The blood will follow where the knife is driven,  
 The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,  
 And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain.  
 But these are foreign to the soul ; not mine  
 The groans that issue, or the tears that fall ;  
 They disobey me ; on the rack I scorn thee,  
 As when my faulchion clove thy helm in battle.

*Alv.* Peace, villain !

*Zan.* While I live, old man, I'll speak,  
 And well I know thou dar'st not kill me yet ;  
 For that would rob thy blood hounds of their prey.

*Alon.*

## T H E R E V E N G E .

*Alon.* Who call'd Alonzo ?

*Alw.* No one call'd, my son.

*Alon.* Again !——'tis Carlos' voice, and I obey.

O how I laugh at all that this can do ! [*Shewing the dagger.*  
The wounds that pain'd, the wounds that murder'd me,  
Were giv'n before ; I am already dead ;  
This only marks my body for the grave. [*Stabs himself.*  
Africk, thou art reveng'd——O Leonora !—— [*Dies.*

*Zan.* Good ruffians, give me leave, my blood is yours,  
The wheel's prepar'd, and you shall have it all ;  
Let me but look one moment on the dead,  
And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.

[*He goes to Alonzo's body.*

Is this Alonzo ? where's the haughty mien ?  
Is that the hand which smote me ? Heavens, how pale !  
And art thou dead ? so is my enmity.  
I war not with the dust : the great, the proud,  
The conqueror of Africk was my foe.  
A lion preys not upon carcases.  
This was thy only method to subdue me.  
Terror and doubt fall on me ; all thy good  
Now blazes, all thy guilt is in the grave.  
Never had man such funeral applause ;  
If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great.  
O vengeance ! I have follow'd thee too far,  
And to receive me, hell blows all her fires.

[*He is bore off.*

*Alw.* Dreadful effect of jealousy ! a rage  
In which the wife with caution will engage ;  
Reluctant long, and tardy to believe,  
Where sway'd by nature we ourselves deceive,  
Where our own folly joins the villain's art,  
And each man finds a Zanga in his heart.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

## T H E E N D :



